

Autumn Leaves



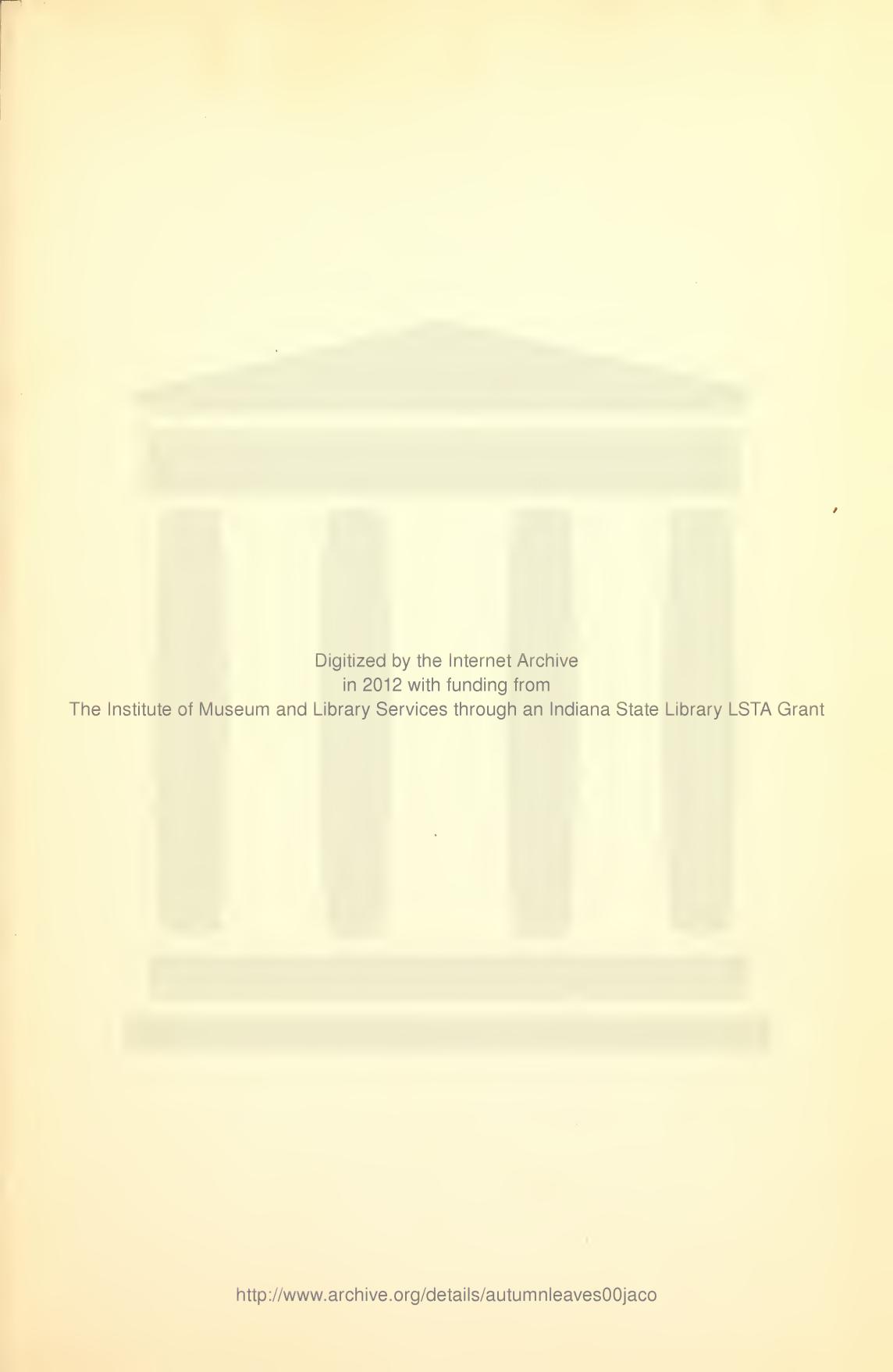
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A very faint, blurry watermark-like image of a classical building with four columns and a triangular pediment is visible in the background.

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MRS. MILTON H. JACOBS

AUTUMN LEAVES

BY

MRS. MILTON H. JACOBS

YORK, PENN'A



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To My Children

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Autumn Leaves

CHRISTMAS.

Sweet songs; a star;
A lowly stall;
The shepherds' journey;
Then the Lord of all.

DECEMBER.

To the friends of my youth, L., V., T., E., L., A., N.

O'er all the world in echoes soft and clear
Comes the low sweet Angelus of the dying year.
Wrapt in deep slumber lie the golden summer
hours,

While the cold brown earth hides all her tender
flowers. [flown

Robin, with her young, far from her nest has
And in a fairer clime has built another home;
But the leafless tree, the empty nest,
The ice-bound stream and all the rest
Of bleak December's work is here to tell
The time to sound the old year's funeral knell.
And when for you or me December's chill has
come,

When the brightest seasons of each life have flown
And the kind, the brave, the true
Have left the old hearthstone, [home;
And in a brighter world have found another
When cherished plans lie bare to rain and *sleet*
Despoiled many treasured joys that made life
sweet,

Then in the gloaming we may hear
Life's evening bell ring soft and clear,
But may the tones of that sweet curfew tell
"Life's day will soon be done, but all is well."

CONSCIENCE.

I know a little weaver
Who, in a silent way,
Is weaving many fancies
Into my life each day.

Sometimes the threads are golden,
Then he handles them with care
For fear a wicked impulse
Will make the frail work tear.

Again the threads are silver.
Then a strand of dusky brown
That snaps and snarls and tangles
And makes the weaver frown.

For this weaver's name is Conscience
And he's working for a King;
My heart is His busy work-shop,
Though such a tiny thing.

Kind words and loving deeds
Are the threads of golden sheen.
Pride, hate and angry passion
Are the snarls that come between.

Lord, teach me how to live
That this busy place may be
An honor to thy workman,
But, a greater one to thee.

THE OLD DAGUERREOTYPE.

I've been busy all day as, from place to place,
I went in quest of a familiar face.

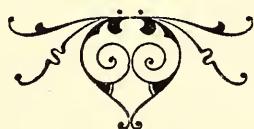
In bureau drawer and topmost shelf
I hunted in vain to find myself.
At last I was found (can you guess where?)
In the darkest corner of a room up stair,
Where an old, old trunk had been stored away
And deep down in its depths I'd been hidden
one day.

I laughed, then I cried, for, do you know
When this picture was taken in the long ago
My heart had never known a sorrow?
For each evening promised a glad tomorrow.
Then, in the old home, there was no vacant chair;
My father and mother and sisters were there,
And we loved to gather at the old hearthstone,
For the hallowed spot bore the name of "Sweet
Home."

Now few can know (and less can tell)
The sorrow I feel when I ring the bell
For strangers come to unbar the door
That was opened by mother in the sweet days
of yore.

How well I remember her look, as she smiled
And welcomed me home, her own dear child.

Ah! in truth as I gaze on this picture today
I see how the years have been gliding away,
But it matters not how time or place
May carve great changes on my form or face,
She'll know me, I'm sure, in the other land
When again I clasp her dear old hand,
And it may be she'll meet me at heaven's door
To welcome me home as in those sweet days
of yore.



FALLEN PRIDE.

A haughty spirit
Walked the path of life;
A look of scorn
Flushed o'er his lip and brow,
When, passing by
The busy throng, he thought,
“Few men enjoy this life
As I do now.”

On topmost twig
Of tallest tree,
A leaf was swaying
In the balmy air,
And, fluttering o'er
The countless green beneath,
It saw none quite as perfect,
Pure or fair.

But a cold, swift wind,
With death in every blast,
Swept o'er the land,
And high and low
Had felt the chill
And died.

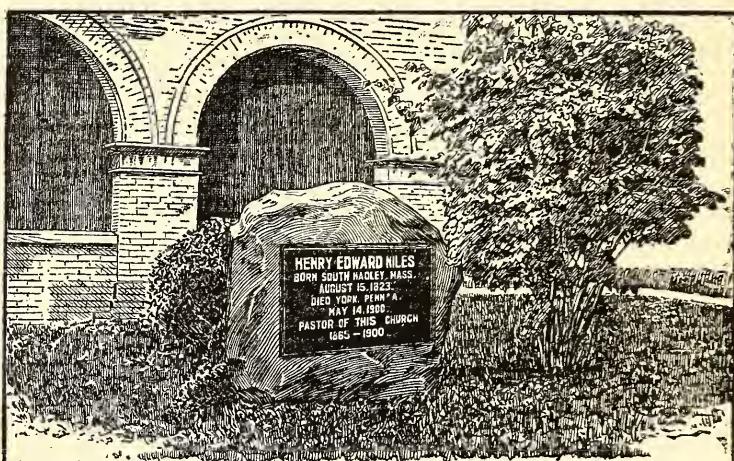
Now, in one lowly grave,
Deep, dark and drear,
Lie the crushed and faded leaf
And humbled pride.

LIFE'S SUNSET.

The Lord, in His love, gave me work to do
And I've toiled all the day, yet it is not done;
And now, in the gloaming, I gaze at the sky
And see nought but clouds 'round the setting sun.

True, some are gilded, some crimson and bright--
Others shine out in a faint, golden light,
But all tell the story of a day near done,
And then for the toiler a sweet rest will come.

It may be the Father will forgive His weak child
When He sees how I've failed in the task He had
given,
And will gather enough bright light from the
clouds
To safely guide me to Him and to heaven.



"Where a loved one rests in sleep."

THE SABBATH PILGRIMAGE.

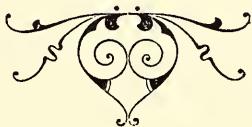
In the gleam of the Sabbath twilight,
Ere the work of the day is done,
In many loyal loving hearts
There is a pilgrimage begun.

Not o'er the rugged mountains,
Not in the valley deep,
But to the quiet church-yard
Where a loved one rests in sleep.

Beneath the shade of the tower
And within the sound of the bell
They recall the blessed Sabbaths
When the sleeper's voice would tell

The words of the Master's message
To the eager struggling souls
That were climbing life's rough highway
Or drifting alone on the shoals.

Dear Lord, we will ever thank Thee
As we come to this hallowed place
For the gift of a precious life work
That time can never efface.



SERVICE.

To the late Rev. Henry Edward Niles, D. D.,
Pastor of First Presbyterian Church, York, Pa.

Five and thirty years of service
In the household of the King!
How the heart of man rejoices
As the bells of memory ring,
Ringing out the gladsome message
Sent from pulpit to the pew,
Telling o'er the old, old story,
Ever precious, ever new.
Ah! the gems that crown the efforts
All along those golden years,
Brought to many souls sweet comfort—
Joyful rest from doubt and fears.
And when in the peaceful gloaming
Brightest sunset spanned the sky,
And the kindly voice had whispered
Tender words of sweet “good-bye,”
Countless ones who loved his life work
Hastened down the path of light
With a welcome to that city
Where there is no shade of night.

THE OLD YEAR.

Good bye, old year. How soon your work is done.
Now, weary with the care of days forever flown
You wander here and there, sad but not alone,
For quickly in your footsteps come
Trains of happy hours, bringing a glad New Year
That in its glory knows no fear.

Hark! the solemn chime is filling all the land.
E'en as a loving friend I would kindly take thy
hand

And whisper words of hope and cheer
As down into the past's deep grave you go, old
year.

Once you were young and brave and strong, 'tis
true,

And, *then* the world was glad to welcome you,
But, grey haired pilgrim, like all other years
You brought to mortal man both joy and tears,
And now he coldly turns from thee, so soon to
pass away,

Trusting the year to come will bring him naught
but joy from day to day.

You ask his sorrow? Ah! he found beneath the
veil of friendship's smile

Deceit had lurked with impulse mean and vile,
And then death came and robbed him of one
whose fair name

Was dearer far than wealth or earthly fame.
Cheer him, dying friend. Tell him, ere you enter
time's grey portals,

That next year's hours *will* bring *all peace* to
earth's poor mortals.

"No, no," said Father Time, "I cannot promise
more than I have given,

For perfect peace is *never* found this side of
heaven.

Ages have come and gone, yet through all time
The work of years has been the same as mine.
Seasons with blossoms and fruits both rich and
rare,

Have known cloudy skies as well as sunlight fair,
Millions rejoiced to hear the marriage bell,
While millions wept o'er the sound of the funeral
knell;

And yet it is not right to *blame me* so; it was no
fault of mine

If in your lives the sunlight did not always shine.
For God and the Angels alone

Can tell why the shadows came to your home."

No more was said,
But, silence deep and dark sat brooding over all;
Yet, ere the rosy lips of dawn, fresh, pure and
sweet,

Had kissed the shadows from night's sable pall,
A year was born and at his feet

A year lay dead.

Oh! *do not* blame this old friend, but be just, be kind,
If in his life *you* did not always find
The blessings most desired—you see
It might not have been best for *you* or *me*
To have this joy just now—yet never fear,
But go on doing right and trusting well through-
out each year,
Forgetting all your sorrow, pain and bitter strife
While counting all the blessings God has sent
into your life,
Forgiving unkind neighbor, friend or foe,
Who caused you silent grief or tearful woe.
Then go forth into the world and through each
coming hour
Do all the good for mortal man that rests within
your power,
For God's kindest gift to you and me is one brief
life to live;
How great His joy if, in return, a perfect one
we give.
Then when the mists have rolled away
And future years become one grand, one perfect
day,
The kindly Hand, that safely led us through
each trial and past each snare, [care,
Guarding our weary feet with a Father's tender
Will lead us to the home-land where no shadows,
no tears,
Can darken *that* life not numbered by years.

BIRDS IN A SUMMER STORM.

Hear the merry drops of rain
Tapping on the window pane!
See them coming through the air
Tripping down their cloudy stair!
Louder, louder grows the sound
As they fall upon the ground.
Birdie in a tree looks up,
Thinking of the little cup
Where her darlings one, two, three,
Are nestled snug as snug can be.
Quick as thought she does her best
To cover up the little nest.
Spreads her wings with tender care
To shelter all the babies there.

How the wind begins to blow,
How the nest rocks to and fro,
See the fierce and rapid flash
Followed by an awful crash!
Tallest bough of stately oak
Has felt the lightning's fearful stroke.
Mother bird looks up in wonder
When she hears the rolling thunder,
Spreads her wings e'en more and more
As the rain begins to pour.

But a clear wind swift and warm
Drove away the angry storm;
Then a million sunbeams came
And the sky grew blue again.
On topmost twig of broken bough,
Mother bird is singing now.
Glad and joyous is the note,
She warbles from her little throat,
For in their nest, secure from harm,
Her birds had slept throughout the storm,
And now beneath the waving green,
Their little cradle can be seen
Rocking to and fro at ease
In the quiet summer breeze.
Tiny warbler, if you knew,
Who it was that watched o'er you,
Your song of joy would be a prayer
Of tender thanks for God's great care.

HYMN.

Tune—“America.”

We come with one accord
 To bless thy name, dear Lord
 In childhood days;
 Thanksgiving offerings bring
 Thanksgiving anthems sing
 Till all the earth shall ring
 With joyful praise.

While we, thy children, bring
 A loving offering,
 Bless us, we pray.
 Teach us who know thy care
 Thy bounteous gifts to share,
 Some burden help to bear
 On this glad day.

Each tiny drop of rain
 On grass or window pane
 Tells of thy love.
 Each golden sunbeam's glare
 On field or blossom fair
 Speaks of thy wondrous care,
 Father above.

So we with one accord,
Will praise thy works, dear Lord,
 In childish lay.
Loud let the echoes ring
While children's voices sing
The mercies of their King
 On this glad day.

TEN LITTLE PEOPLE.

Ten little people were busy all day,
Hopping and skipping and running in play,
Up hill and down hill, away they would go—
These ten little people who live in a row.

Ten little people are tired to-night
And are tucked in their bed away from the light.
Guess their names—you can, for every one knows
These ten little people are—ten little toes!

TANGLES.

Naughty little Bertie
Is sitting in her chair,
An angry flush upon her face
And tangles in her hair.

"Come," coaxed mamma kindly
"'Tis wrong to say, 'I won't.'
Does my little girl feel sorry?"
But Bertie said, "Me don't."

"Ah well! mamma was planning
A ride with cousin Joe,
But willful girls with mussed up curls
Are not allowed to go."

Then angry little Bertie,
Was covered up in bed
With all the snarling ringlets
In tangles 'round her head.

I fear this little lady,
Whose life is young and fair,
Is weaving tangles elsewhere
Than in her curly hair.

BIRDIE'S THANKS.

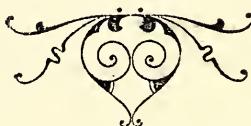
Twee, twee, twee!
Any crumbs for me?
I have sung my sweetest song
All the day long,
Twee, twee, twee!
Any crumbs for me?

Twee, twee, twee !
My home is in your tree.
I've fashioned it with care,
Out of sticks and straw and hair.
Twee, twee, twee!
Don't you welcome me?

Twee, twee, twee !
Cannot you *see* me
And the birdies two and three
That are looking down on *thee*?
Twee, twee, twee!
Cannot you *see* me?

Twee, twee, twee!
Any crumbs for me?
I'll not eat them all,
But my baby-birdies call,
Twee, twee, twee!
Will you feed me?

Ah! here she comes
With her hands full of crumbs
To feed the wee birdies and me
It was kind to hear my call
From the tree top so tall
And we thank thee
In our Twee, twee, twee!





▲ DREAM OF HOME.

The world seems cold and cheerless.

I'm all alone tonight.

And I turn from the sunset window

To the gleam of the fireside's light.

I step a little closer,

Then stir the embers low,

And, with their flaming fingers,

Draw pictures of long ago.

Beneath this pile of ashes

I catch a glimpse of home;

The wide, old-fashioned doorway,

And the walls of brick and stone.

O! the lovely scenes of childhood,

How they flash in the open grate,

Till I seem to hear the creaking

Of the hinges of the gate

That leads into the garden
Where the flowers are rich and grand,
And I stoop to gather the treasures
That were planted by mother's hand.
There amidst the sweetness of bird songs
I hear the rumble of the mill,
And I see my father standing
On the old and time-worn sill.
Down through the meadow I wander,
Then into the open glade
That leads to the aisles of the forest
Where the violets sleep in the shade.
I climb the hills to the orchard,
Then turn to the dear old home
To gather, with all who loved me
Around the warm hearthstone.
There, in the peaceful gloaming,
We kneel in earnest prayer
To thank God for His mercies,
His love, His tender care.
But, with a start I awaken.
The room is dark and chill;
The gleam of light from the sunset
Has gone from the window sill.
But, in the gloom of the evening
I'd not been quite alone,
For the flame that died on the hearthstone,
Had caused me to dream of home.

MOTHER.

A soft, sweet whisper came to me today
When, with a burdened heart and weary step
I walked life's troubled way.
No form was lingering near
And yet, in accents low and clear,
I heard my mother say "Be patient, child; just
wait,
In God's own time I'll meet you at the Golden
Gate."
O, mother, if you knew
How oft my sad heart longs for you,
You'd plead with God to send you from your
happy home
To bear your lonely, tired child up to His throne.

THANKSGIVING.

Tune—Blessed Assurance.

Day of Thanksgiving, hallowed with prayer,
Voices of gladness filling the air
Tell of the goodness, tell of the love,
The bountiful care of a Father above.

CHORUS.

Father in heaven, thy name we adore,
Gladly we'll sing Thy praise o'er and o'er,
Thankful for all the gifts of Thy hand,
Parents and home, and dear native land.

Thankful for sunshine, thankful for rain,
For garners filled with golden grain.
Lord for each blessing our hearts will raise
A prayer of thanks and hymns of praise.

LINCOLN.

It would be difficult for any American boy to study the life of this great man and not go forth into life's battle with a new spirit of encouragement. His early life was one of poverty and toil. His father seemed to have been a careless, discontented man, moving from place to place in quest of some spot where the soil could maintain a man with little or no labor. In 1816 they took up their abode in the wilds of Indiana. Their home was rude and uncomfortable and had been built from logs felled by the father with the slight assistance of his noble boy. There was no floor to this abode and years after, when the pioneer boy had become the tenant of the White House, he would recall many trying experiences that had come to him and to the quiet, patient mother of that household.

Lincoln's first great sorrow was the death of his beloved mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, and he was often heard to say: "All I have or hope to be I owe to my angel mother."

With the coming of a step-mother who was a woman of energy and thrift, came comfort into the cabin and encouragement into the heart of the struggling boy. He had learned to read at his mother's knee and reading, with him, awakened

a desire to write. Paper was a luxury almost out of the reach of the children in those days, but not to be discouraged, he smoothed shingles or took smooth sides of a wooden shovel and composed thereon essays. It was during this experience that he learned the wonderful lesson of condensing his thoughts for which he was afterward famous. The walk into the pathway of fame, which began at the threshold of his home in the wilderness and ended at the wide open door of the capitol at Washington, was full of varied experiences, which would fill many pages in history, for he literally hewed and chopped his way through the thicket of discouragements, but today we can point to him as a striking example of rising from humble surroundings to the highest position in the nation. We also learn from the lives of Garfield and Lincoln and countless others, that in this land of freedom God's poor and lowly, under the guiding care of His loving hand, may win and wear the laurels of fame,

"The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her humble nest."

And a fluttering sound is heard as I pass
This wee lowly home hid down in the grass

Where the mother bird with tender care
Has watched o'er the darlings nestled there.

Now up from the grass with a quick sure dart
The birds from their home make a brave start.
Higher and higher they soar along
And send back the notes of a lark's sweet song.

Down in a cottage a wee baby slept
While prayer-loving mother a tender watch kept.
Out from this home a brave boy has gone,
Sending back honor to the loved one.

If the wee bird from its home in the grass
In flight and in song can many surpass,
Then the lowly-born child, with God's smile on
his life,
Can win honor and fame in the world's great
strife.

OUR FLAG.

Tune—“America.”

Let all the world rejoice
When, with united voice,
 The children sing.
Flag of the noble free,
Symbol of liberty,
Our song shall be of thee;
 Loud echoes ring.

Out on the surging deep
Where countless vessels sweep
 O'er restless wave,
In morning's early gleam,
Your stars and stripes are seen
Floating in brightest beam,
 Cheering the brave.

As millions stars at night
Throw down a cheering light
 O'er all the world,
So flag of liberty,
A brightness falls from thee
On mountain, vale or sea,
 Where'er unfurled.

If wild birds on the wing
Of freedom's song can sing
 In every land,
Then we, born of the free,
Will chant our love for thee,
Emblem of liberty,
 While worlds shall stand.



THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

God's kindly light has safely led you home.
No more your prayerful voice or tender heart
Will know "life's 'circling gloom.'"
For o'er the storm swept waves of death's dark sea
You rest in peaceful love,
"Nearer my God to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee."

The Lord you trusted day by day
Has "led you on," and now, for you,
Life's weary night has gone,
And with the loved, from sin and death set free
You live your whispered prayer,
"Nearer my God to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee."

Today a nation bows in grief and tears,
Kindly remembering "all past years,"
Praying a Father's love will lead them on
Until life's weary night is gone.
Then, when the morning breaks o'er death's
 dark sea
May they as hopefully repeat,
"Nearer my God to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee."

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

Lines suggested while standing beside the graves of the unknown dead on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

We will bring sweet flowers from the hillside
Or wherever the blossoms may grow,
To strew o'er the graves of our heroes—
Whose love in the long ago
Was so closely entwined with honor
For country and home and hearth;
That they bravely faced all the hardships
To defend the land of their birth.

From many a palace and cottage
A kind, noble boy had gone,
To fall in the heat of the battle
While singing the victor's song.
And now, on the field, "in lone silence,
There is gleaming a pure white stone
That tells to the world the sad story,
"The soldier's name is unknown."

Mother's heart had broke in the passing
Of the long and waiting years,
For her arms had ached to enfold him
Till her hope was lost in tears;

But today, for the weary mourner,
The anxious watching is done—
The child of her love has met her
Up at the Father's throne.

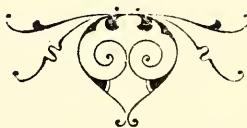
So with thoughts for the hero that perished
While bravely defending his land,
We will strew o'er his grave brightest flowers,
With a tender and kindly hand.
And she'll smile as we twine the sweet blossoms
All around the cold, gleaming stone
That tells to the world the sad story,
The name of her boy is unknown.



A CONUNDRUM.

My ancestors were born in this land of the free;
Their descendants have sailed far over the sea;
And, now, o'er this world, where'er we are found,
There is no soil protects us like Erin's ground.
My forefathers wore a coat of brown,
And today I am wearing the same old gown.
And yet, for all that, the rich and the poor
Extend a welcome at their wide open door
And never think of calling me queer—
Though my style of dress is the same each year—
But examine my form and examine my eyes,
Then praise or object to my weight or size.
Far back in my youth I wore a bonnet,
And delicate flowers were found upon it.
Then I'd fling my head in the summer breeze,
For I felt as tall at the highest trees.
But, alas! one day a man with a hoe
Tore off my bonnet and shattered each bow.
I told him what my ancestors had been,
Of my pride in claiming my race and kin,
Yet I cried in vain, for he would not yield,
Though he knew my parents had honored his field;
But he said, "Here's a fact," and I guess he was
right—
I am sure you will say so when I tell you tonight—
"The man who boasts of his ancestry

In many ways is like unto thee,
For search as I will, I have always found
That the best of him is under the ground.”
So he whacked away with all his might,
Flinging my top-knot from left to right,
Then dug down deeply into the ground
To bring me forth with a jerk and bound.
Now guess my name (and you can, I know)
For I’m an American-born, yet an Irish, potato.



HELEN AND SUNBEAM.

Good night, my pretty sunbeam.
You were busy all the day
Scattering joy and gladness
Along your golden way,
Trying in beauty God's light to share
Here and there and everywhere.
Good bye until the morning.
Then when you come my way
Please peep into my window,
To tell me it is day.
For I would waken early
To scatter joy with you
For what a little Sunbeam *does*
God's child can *try* to do.

TWITTER AND TWEE.

Twitter and Twee were neighbors, you see;
Twitter was a bird and so was Twee,
And each had a home in the old pear tree.
'Twas pleasant to hear them all the day long
Whistling and chirping their beautiful song;
Teaching their nestlings the same glad note
That came as a joy from each tiny brown throat.
Not selfish nor cross was either wee bird;
But if one found a crumb, the other one heard
A merry "Chee, Chee," which meant "Come and
see
The feast that is spread for you and for me."

'Tis better by far, I am sure you will say,
To be pleasant and merry, cheerful and gay;
Teaching wee brother a sweet baby song,
Making him happy all the day long;
Finding sweet crumbs of joy here and there,
Calling our playmates to come for a share;
Doing some good for some one in *some* way,
By singing at work and laughing in play,
Than to be selfish and cross, without even a word
Half so kind as the call of the tiny brown bird.

EDWIN AND ROBIN.

Glad-hearted robin, high up in the bough,
Who is so busy and happy as thou,
Planning and building a cute little nest,
Looking quite cheerful, while doing your best,
To entertain blue bird, your invited guest?
Is there not something a small boy could do,
Helping to build with the birdies and you?
Nothing to do. Nothing for thee,
Comes as a voice from the old cherry tree.

Kind little robin far up in the air,
Singing your songs among blossoms so fair.
Will you not lend me your coat and your vest,
And teach me to fly as well as the rest
Of the beautiful birds in the old, old tree?
Then I will go up your wonderful stair
To see the wee home and all that is there.
Nothing to see, nothing for thee,
Comes as a voice from the old, old tree.

Well, well, Mr. Robin, who taught you to be
Up in the branches so happy and free,
Seeming contented while singing your song,
Whistling and chirping all the day long?
“God,” said the robin in his happy “Chee, chee,”

“Has taught me to plan and to build, and you see
God is your Father, but he takes care of me,
And I warble my thanks from my home in the
tree.”

In truth, little birdie, a lesson you bring,
Your voice is the sweetest I’ve heard all the spring.
Will you not come to my wide open door?
I will find you some crumbs from my bountiful
store.

I will sing you a song, not as sweet as your own,
Yet—oh, dear little birdie, where, where have
you flown?

“Nothing for me—but kindness from thee,”
Comes as a voice from a far off tree,
As he sings a good-night to the whole world
and me.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

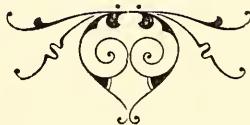
The beautiful world is flooded with light,
The flowers are smiling in sunlight so bright,
The glad bells are ringing in a joyous way,
As they tell all who hear “ ‘Tis Children’s Day.”
Up to the altar with one sweet accord
We bring our offering unto the Lord
Who made all the flowers so brilliant and gay,
That gladden our hearts on Children’s Day.

There are children in lands far away, we know,
In lands where the fairest blossoms grow,
Who have never heard of the beautiful way
We praise thee, dear Lord, on Children’s Day.
But, *they* never heard the Saviour’s name,
And, do not know a Christ child came
With a message of love for you and me,
As well as the heathen over the sea.

There is work for me, there is work for you,
There is plenty of work for all to do;
Holding the light in our little hands,
Scattering the darkness in heathen lands,
Helping the wee ones in homes far away,
To find all the joy of Children’s Day.

Dear Lord, we would ask thee for wisdom to be
Unselfish, sincere in our labors for thee.

We pray for a blessing on the offerings we bring;
On each word of love in the songs we sing;
Till the angels around thy throne above
Will rejoice in the children's service of love.



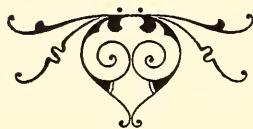
THANKSGIVING HYMN.

We come with one accord
To bless thy name, dear Lord,
 In childhood days,
Thanksgiving offerings bring;
Thanksgiving anthems sing
'Till all the earth shall ring
 With joyful praise.

While we thy children bring
A loving offering,
 Bless us, we pray,
Teach us who know thy care
Thy bounteous gifts to share,
Some burden help to bear
 On this glad day.

Each tiny drop of rain
On grass or window pane
 Tells of thy love,
Each golden sunbeam's glare
On field or blossom fair
Speaks of thy wondrous care
 Father above.

So we with one accord
Will praise thy works, dear Lord,
 In childish lay.
Loud let the echoes ring
While children's voices sing
The mercies of their King
 On this glad day.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Tune,—“Ring the Bells of Heaven.”

Ring sweet bells of Christmas, let your glad
notes tell
That a Saviour came on earth to dwell,
Tell the wondrous story of His love for men,
Tell it sweetly o'er and o'er again.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring, ring ye merry Christmas bell,
Let the echoes of your loud notes swell—
Chime the joyful tidings o'er and o'er again
Till the earth shall join the glad refrain.

Still another story tells of Jesus' birth,
How He blest the children while on earth;
Held them tender, kindly in His loving arm,
Sheltering each little one from harm.

In some far off countries many children dwell,
Who have never heard a Christmas bell,
Never heard the story of a Saviour's birth,
Of His blessing little ones on earth.

We will help the wee ones o'er some far off sea
Find His loving words “Come unto me,”
Then they'll know your meaning, joyful Christ-
mas bells,
While each tone to them the story tells.

BEYOND THE BLUE.

Tune:—“When the Swallows Homeward Fly.”

When life's evening draweth nigh
And the sunset floods the sky,
May I hear in loving tone,
“Welcome, child, to Heaven's home,
All your work in life is done,
Come up to the Father's throne.
There remains sweet rest for you,
In the land beyond the blue—
In the land beyond the blue.”

“Blessed Lord what have I done
In the name of Christ Thy Son,
That a welcome can be given
When I reach the gates of Heaven?
Shall I meet my loved one more;
Rest with them on yonder shore,
Join their praise of love to you,
In the land beyond the blue?
In the land beyond the blue.”

“Just a kindly deed or word
That thy guardian angel heard;
Then from earth up to the throne

He had winged the message home,
Now in accents, low and mild,
Hear me whisper to thee, child.
You have served me, and for you
There is rest beyond the blue
With the loved beyond the blue."



THE TRUE BEACON.

Far out on life's ocean,
There's a soul tempest tossed;
Be quick! send a light!
No time can be lost.
Send forth a bright gleam
From wave on to wave;
Be watchful! be careful!
Be willing to save
A soul that is struggling
In darkness tonight;
He may eagerly grasp
E'en one faint ray of light.
Then how great the reward,
If, for you or me,
A message should come
O'er this turbulent sea;
That would tell how one soul,
Through our love to do right,
Had found peace in God's word,
The true Beacon Light.

PUSSY'S CHRISTMAS.

I wrote dear Santa a letter,
And told him about Pussy Mew,
She is such a *be-u-ti-ful* kitten
I thought she would like Christmas, too.

I told him to bring her some mittens
To keep her little paws warm,
And anything else a nice kitten
Should need to go out in a storm.

I put the note in a basket,
And placed it near Grandmother's Chair.
'Tis such a great easy rocker,
I thought he would like to rest there.

Next morning I wakened quite early,
And crept down the stairs with great care,
And lifted the lid of the basket,
When lo! can you think what was there?

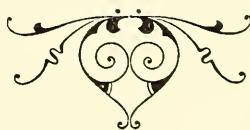
Two kittens both cuddled together,
Both looking so cunning and wise,
While pussy stood purring beside me,
Enjoying my happy surprise.

Now Santa had left me a letter
To tell me just how he had found
Two wee motherless kittens
Right out on the cold snowy ground.

That pussy had carefully brought them
All the long way from the barn,
And was trying, by coaxing and purring,
To help the poor creatures keep warm.

He knew she would like him much better
If he sheltered the kittens from harm,
Than if he'd brought dozens of mittens
To keep her own little paws warm.

'Tis strange he should write like my papa,
His letters are so big and so bold,
And I think by the way he had formed them
His fingers were not very cold.



THE FLOWERS' AWAKENING

A happy hearted violet
Was sleeping in the shade,
When it heard the soft wind calling
 “Awake, my pretty maid;
Untie your bright blue bonnet,
 And greet the morning sun,
For on the hill-tops yonder
 The day has just begun.”

The daisy heard the calling
 Of the wind among the trees,
And lifted up her pretty head
 To kiss the morning breeze.
And nodded to the poppy,
 Who, in her quiet way,
Had risen with the warblers
 To greet the summer day.

The rose heard the commotion,
 Then shook each leaf and stem
And looked around to see the sky,
 The wood, the stream, and then—
Sent forth a fragrant perfume
 That filled the morning air,
And rivaled in its sweetness
 The blossoms rich and rare.

Then a face that's just as lovely
As any I have seen,
Peered out beneath a curtain
Of richest, darkest green,
And the winsome, smiling pansy
Called out to me and you,
“See, I have wakened early
And brought a welcome, too.”

But we'll not forget the blossoms
From their windows near the sky,
As they gazed o'er field and forest,
And then began to cry:
“We, too, will join the millions
That live to smile and praise
The giver of the perfect gifts
That gladden summer days.”

O fields and birds, and blossoms!
If, in your joyful way,
You thank a kindly father
For His gifts from day to day,
Then we, in life's fair morning,
Will chant our song of praise
For all the tender mercies
That bless our childhood days.

DO YOU KNOW ?

Do you know an act of kindness?

Pass it on.

Do not hold with selfish greed

The blessing some one else may need,

But pass it on.

Do you know sweet words of comfort?

Pass them on.

They may bring quick, sure relief

To some soul bowed down with grief.

Oh, pass them on.

Are your thoughts *all* full of sunshine?

Pass them on.

You may cheer one in whose life

Naught is known but darkened strife.

Then pass them on.

Do you know the Saviour's smile

Will rest upon you all the while

These acts of love and cheer you do

For the many or the few?

Then pass them on.

CHEERFUL WORKERS.

Tune:—“Blessed Assurance.”

Working for Jesus all the day long
 Serving their Maker in prayer or in song,
 Glad hearts of children tell of His love,
 The wonderful care of the Father above.

CHORUS.

Working for Jesus all the day long,
 Trying to serve Him in deed or in song,
 Doing some good for some one each day,
 Scattering sunshine over life's way.

Working for Jesus all the day long,
 Praising their Maker in thought or in song,
 Scattering sunbeams over life's way,
 Gilding the hours of childhood's fair day.

Broad is the field, the laborers are few
 Is there not something the children can do?
 Gladly they'll follow the gleaners all day,
 Seeking the treasures lost by the way.

Then when the work of the harvest is done,
 The reapers called to rest in His home,
 Jesus will know the sheaf of ripe grain,
 Gathered by children in His dear name.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT, BOYS.

Keep to the right, boys! the world calls out
In a voice that sounds like a trumpet's shout.
" We need brave men with power and might;
We need strong men who will hold up their light
And fearlessly turn from the wrong to the right."

Keep to the right, boys, with tongue or pen,
For honor belongs to noble men.
Go out from your homes with an honest face,
Aspire to reach some lofty place.
Then work with a will with a splendid might;
But always remember to keep to the right.

Keep to the right, boys. Life's long road is wide,
And many are walking side by side.
Don't jostle or injure, crush selfish delight,
Then carefully, manfully keep to the right.
Make an earnest resolve, while doing your best,
To trust in God's help, then He'll do the rest.

MARGARET'S CHRISTMAS WONDER.

I love my pretty doll because
She was a gift from Santa Claus.
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are red;
She has flaxen curls all over her head.
I wonder how he knew,
This Santa Claus, so kind and true,
That of all his gifts I should love the best
This beautiful doll so nicely dressed.
It may be Aunt Margie had something to say,
(For I know she wrote him a letter one day).
Perhaps she told him I have tried to be
A cheerful, obedient child, you see,
And he meant to reward me by giving me all
The joy I have found in my beautiful doll.

SPIDER HOUSE

Well, well! Mrs. Spider, did you work all the night
Weaving that web into meshes so bright?
How it glistens and sparkles in the sunlight's
first ray,

As if it were trying to welcome the day.
'Tis a pity to spoil such nice work, I declare,
And even a spider must think it unfair;
But why did you fasten it over my door?
Did you think I would never come out any
more?

So down it must come with a sweep of my
broom.

Though I spoil your nice house you will still
have your loom;
Then go weave another high, high in the air
Where no one *can* come to tear down your
stair.

PUSS AND THE MOUSE

A tale—in three parts

Part first.

A wise little mouse
Has built a fine house
Under the kitchen floor,
And with a sly wink
And a very cute blink
She sometimes comes out of her door.

Pussy *thinks* he is wise,
With his great sleepy eyes,
And with them has seen mousie come,
And in wonderful glee
He has said “I will see
How soon I can stop mousie’s fun.”

So Pussy sits down
Without even a frown
To watch that hole in the floor,
For he says “If that mouse
Comes out of her house,
She shall *never* go back any more.”

PUSS AND THE MOUSE

Part second.

But a great gleam of light
Much too strong for his sight
Turned his head far away from her door,
And the mouse on the spot
Was then quite forgot,
While puss took a nap on the floor.

Now this mousie just knew
What a pussy *could* do,
But she laughed as she ran to her den:
“He thinks I don’t roam
When I know he is home,
Or he’d catch me, and then—O what then?”

Then that wise little mouse
From her very small house
Saw a chance to get out on the floor,
And with her wee thumb
Picked up a small crumb
That was lying quite near her own door.

“But this is good bread—
If puss turns not his head
I will venture a little bit more.”
So without further thought
That she might be caught
Mousie steps from her own open door.

PUSS AND THE MOUSE.

Part third

But hark! What is that?
'Tis the sleepy old cat
As he stretches himself on the floor,
 And quick as a wink,
 Ere mousie could blink,
He is fronting her right at her door.

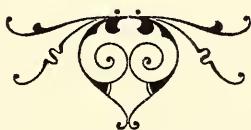
Poor mousie in fright
Looks left, and looks right,
Forgetting her own friendly door,
 While her little heart quakes,
 And her little form shakes
As puss lifts his terrible paw.

But ah! fate is kind.
Mousie's presence of mind
Is restored just as pussie's sharp claw
 Is about to come down
 On the poor little crown,
And thus end her life evermore.

This brave little mouse
Just backs to her house,

But keeps her sharp eyes straight before
And just as her foe
Springs to deal a sure blow,
Turns a somersault back through her door.

Thus pussie, you see,
Is outwitted, and he
Can scarce his own eyes believe—
While mousie at home
Seeks no longer to roam,
And laughs at old puss in her sleeve.



MIRIAM AND THE STAR.

Good-night, little star.
 You have slept all the day
While dolly and I
 Were busy at play.
When the sun shone brightly,
 You were tucked in your bed
With a curtain of blue
 All over your head.

But now *we* are sleepy,
 You are wakeful and fair,
And spangle the sky
 With a beautiful glare.
I know you will play
 With the moonbeams all night,
But dolly and I
 Must sleep till the light.

MY HOUSE.

My name is Bessie Bell. I am twelve years old to-day and I am the owner of a house, which, strange to say, is just my own age. It is *all* my own, not having become so through the right of possession, but as the gift of a kind Father.

I have been taught that

“Industry and health
Bring comfort and wealth,”

and I have hung this motto upon the wall of one of the rooms of my mansion.

It is rather a hard motto to keep in mind and I find it requires a great deal of work on my part to live by it. I sometimes fail, and then a feeling of shame comes over me for my ingratitude to the dear Giver of my great gift, and I make a fresh effort to please Him.

I try to be up and enjoy the early morning air; I open my shutters and wash my windows with pure cold water until even the little vines which have been carefully trained around the small frames catch the tiny drops and for an instant let them sparkle on the end of their delicate leaves.

My next work is to brush my lawn and make it clean and smooth and see that the white path which separates it is in perfect keeping with the rest of its surroundings.

After eating my breakfast, I find more work to do. There is the porch with its row of marble steps to scrub and the red mat which is always found at the door to be examined not only once, but many times through the day, for the arrangement of everything is spoiled if *it* gets out of order. Two more porches belong to this house of mine. One is built on the right side and the other on the left. They are very tiny and painted such a delicate pink that quite a contrast is formed as they lean against the white walls. They have doors leading into the main building which are never closed, for the inmates of my dwelling are always anxious to listen to the sounds which come through the openings. You see I do not dwell alone. Two other persons are here, whose names are well known to us all. I cannot call them servants, for they occupy the best apartment in my house. It is a room built in the shape of a heart, the walls of which are hung with many beautiful pictures framed by the willing hands of memory.

Here these two friends sit day by day listening to the sounds which are brought in through the open door and make plans for me while I do their work.

I call them friends because they are so closely associated, and in spite of the great difference

in their names and dispositions, they never quarrel, but just exercise their influence over me, and consider that their great lifework.

Mrs. Lazy Don't (for that is the name of one of the inmates of my home) knew quite well this was my birthday and that I had made up my mind to begin the new year aright and listen to the voice of Patience Try, my other guide, so she refused to waken me early, although she had been listening to the sweet sound of the bird-songs which came floating through the open door for at least one hour after my usual time for getting up. I sat right up in bed and was about to cry from disappointment over the failure to keep my resolution, when she spoke in her usual slow tone, "Do not fret; the day is long and mamma will not care if you are late this *one* morning. It does not matter about your hair being smooth and your face need not always bear the flush of a morning bath. Just throw on an old wrapper and you will yet be in time for breakfast. That collar is good enough, and fiddlesticks to the toothbrush. I know plenty of boys and girls who *never* brush their teeth, let alone clean them before as well as after each meal."

"But," says Patience Try, "how will mamma feel? and will you not be sure to bring a frown

to papa's brow if you appear before him that way?"

"Papa will not notice it," argues Mrs. Don't. "Just go on. You need not stop to put your room in order, or read your Bible either, for even that will not make much difference for *one* morning." But the calm voice of Mrs. Patience Try reminds me of God's tender care through the night and how wrong it would be to neglect this duty, for one act of neglect will bring another until disorder is sure to reign where all was once peace and love.

And so the conflict goes on from day to day until I become almost discouraged and am sometimes tempted to listen to the voice of Mrs. Lazy Don't, who offers me a life of idleness and ease and says: "Only little boys and girls who make an effort to do right feel the bitter pangs of disappointment and temptation."

But the pleading tones of my better friend tell me to be brave and go on in my good work, and each year the task will become easier; and when I am discouraged, to take the whole trouble to the kind Father who gave me this home to keep in order: for I am His and it is His, and He will help me to make his work perfect.

TO A FRIEND.**To D. B. R.**

Bright stars that gleam in Heaven's fair dome
Shine on the grave to us so dear.

Oh, Autumn winds as through the leafless trees
you roam

Speak out in kindly whispers when you linger
there.

Bright flowers, true gifts of love, dying on the
cold brown ground

Shed sweetest perfume o'er that sacred mound

* * * * *

We would not waken thee,

Dear friend of mine;

For in God's afterwhile

We, too, shall know[a]sleep

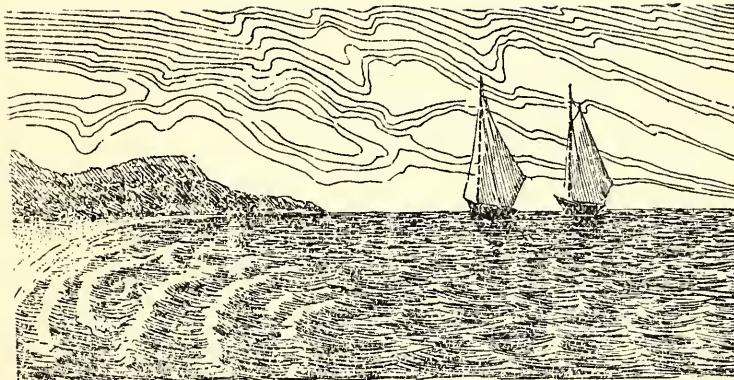
As calm as thine.

BABY.

Welcome, little stranger;
We have kindest thoughts of thee,
And trust a Father's loving care
Upon your life may be.

God bless the tender mother
Who folds you to her breast
As the parent of a birdling
Guards the darling in her nest;

And as the waves of life flow on
May your ships come safely in,
For in sunshine clear or tempest drear
You'll be taught to trust in Him



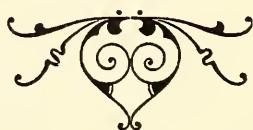
"The tide goes out and the tide comes in."

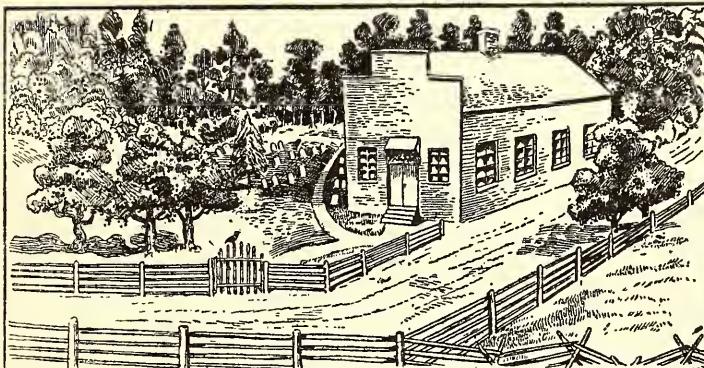
LIFE'S TREASURES.

To Mrs. M. F. S., President of the Ladies' Aid Society
of the First Presbyterian Church, York, Pa.

The tide goes out and the tide comes in,
Bearing the restless years along;
Bringing to some the dark wrecks of sin;
Bringing to others a new, gladsome song.
Each day some hearts are beating proud
To greet the gift of the friendly main,
While others are gazing and calling aloud
As the years pass by and they call in vain.
Safe o'er the sea of your useful life
When the winds and the waves were in restless
strife
Your ship with its treasures came safely in
O'er this trackless deep with its billows of sin

And now we rejoice with friendly cheer
As we count the jewels you hold so dear.
Here are the rubies of frankness with their
 brilliant gleam
And the pearls of prayer with their silvery sheen,
The emeralds of faith and peace and then—
The diamonds of love for your fellow men.
Dear Lord, we would ask Thee to kindly keep
Watch o'er these jewels while you wake or sleep.
Then down to life's ending your heart will be
A barque filled with treasures brought safe o'er
 the sea.





"The Church in the Dell."

BOB WHITE.

Wee friend of the field, I love the glad note
 That comes as a joy from your tiny brown throat
 When you whistle from the hedge, in the morn-
 ing's first beam,
 Or carol in gladness in the twilight's faint gleam
 The same sweet song from morning till night,
 "Bob White!" "Bob White!"

How well I remember, when a glad-hearted boy,
 I would gleefully join in your chorus of joy;
 While mother would smilingly point to the field,
 Where father, in the midst of the harvest's great
 yield
 Was thinking of you and the nest out of sight,
 And cheerily answering,
 "Bob White!" "Bob White!"

I love to recall those days with their charm,
 And, in fancy, I wander all over the farm:
 Through the orchard, the meadow, by the glitter-
 ing stream,

There I cool my hot brow in its silvery sheen,
 While off in the woods, you are basking in light,
 And singing your song,

“Bob White!” “Bob White!”

In my dreams, I am walking to the church in the
 dell,

And close by my side is fair loving Nell;
 She laughs as you saucily perch on the gate,
 As if you had come to tell us to wait
 Till you'd call your wee wife from her home in
 the glen

To talk of the nest, and the babies, and then—
 You would tell us your name in the golden light.
 'Twas always the same,

“Bob White!” “Bob White!”

Now mother, and father, and dear little Nell
 Are awaiting the dawn in their graves in the dell
 While I, foolish dreamer, count the years in
 their flight, [sight;

And the swift-flowing tears dim my fast-fading
 For out of the past you've awakened this night,
 Some of life's sweetest dreams in your tender
 “Bob White!”

PEN-MAR.

The morning sun in brightness gleams
O'er hill and vale, both near and far,
Lifting the shadows from valley and streams,
And crowning with beauty majestic Pen-Mar.

Glad are the bird songs that sweep through the
vale,
Softly the wind voices drift through the dale,
Waking the echoes from near and from far
That sleep in the shade of stately Pen-Mar

Queen of the Blue Ridge, high, high in the air,
Loftily lifting your proud head so fair;
Gems of the morning form your crown rich and
rare,
And glorious sunsets love to linger there.

Oh! health giving Pen-Mar! Your walks in the
glade,
Your ferns and your flowers asleep in the shade,
Your beautiful scenery through mountain and
dell,
Call out to the weary "Come, rest, and get well."

God gave you in love to His people, I ween,
And ages had passed ere your beauty was seen;
But now the wide world, both near and afar,
Knows the health-giving rest found at lovely
Pen-Mar.



THE NEW YEAR

Come, lift the veil of the dawning
And see what the morning has brought--
'Tis a New Year with countless mercies
With countless blessings fraught!

But, if in the coming or going
Of the days we shall call our own.
A sorrow should come unbidden
Into our hearts or home,

Remember a Hand much kinder
Than yours or mine could be,
Will deal the bitter potion
In love to you or me.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Ring out, sweet bells
From yon towers high,
Till the chorus shall swell
From the earth to the sky,
Chime sweetly and clear
When the dawning is near
And the clouds from the
sunrise are breaking.
Then it may be some one
Who, in grief, sits alone,
Will be cheered by thy
blessed awaking.

HELPING.

To the Members of the Societies of Christian Endeavor
and Epworth League.

What can I do for my pastor today,
As he seeks for lost souls on life's weary way?
I can answer the call of the deep toned bell,
Then listen to the story he may eagerly tell,
And take the glad news to some lonely soul
That is patiently striving to reach the goal.
What can I do for my pastor today
As I pass from the church in a glad, happy way?
I can clasp some hand, or speak, or smile
To cheer the stranger I meet in the aisle,
Or take to the weary the flowers fair
That adorned the altar in the house of prayer.

Kind Father, I pray Thee teach me the way
While in doing Thy will I may help him this day.
Then it may be I'll meet in the other land
Some soul I had cheered by a clasp of the hand,
And our shepherd will tell me in his own kindly
way
“The Lord Jesus knows how you helped me one
day.”

WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead may those who loved me best
Place my hands upon my breast
Thus—in the shape of His cross,
Not thinking of my weary life, its gain or loss,
But of my hands when lying there
In helpless emptiness so cold and bare
And then recall *some* kindly deed they'd done
In memory of the Blessed One.

GEORGE AND HIS LITTLE NEIGHBOR.

Mrs. Grey Mouse lives under my floor.
She walks into my room through her wide open
door;
Then looks all around in a queer, cunning way
As if she were thinking of something to say.
Now if she could talk I am sure she would say
“Could you feed a poor hungry mousie today?
A wee bit of bread or some meat or some cheese
Or any thing else you can spare, if you please.”
I fear, Mrs. Mouse it would never do
To get so well acquainted with you,
For Sport, my dog, and Blossom, my cat,
Would surely object to such friendship as that.
They claim all the scraps of bread, meat and
cheese
And would not allow you to smell even these;
For in your good name they would have no belief
But as soon as they'd spy you would cry out,
“Stop thief.”
And away they would rush with a dart and a tear
To catch you or give you a wonderful scare.
So you see 'tis not safe to live in my house,
Although you're a nicely behaved little mouse.
Then run away, hide in the straw in the barn
Where Blossom and Sport can do you no harm.

PUSSY AND I.

Pussy and I are friends—you see
I love Pussy and she loves me.
She sits in my lap, I stroke her fine hair,
I know by her “purr” she loves to be there.
We never quarrel, for then
She would not want to come again.
But I’m kind to her; she’s kind to me,
For pussy and I have “agreed to agree.”

MAY FLOWERS.

Sweetest flowers, bright and fair,
Perfume the early morning air.
Wee violets, hiding on the lawn,
Peep from the grass to greet the dawn.

It was the Father over all,
(Guarding in love, the great and small)
Who gave them life, at His command,
And formed them with His loving hand.

NANNETTE AND THE SPIDER.

Tell me, Mrs. Spider, pray,
Will it rain or shine to-day?
If a *storm* is in the air,
You will weave your web with care,
Fastening threads of golden gleam
To the end of each wee seam;
Then, when your house is made secure,
Wise brown spider, *I am sure*
You will find a leaf or flower
In which to hide through storm or shower.
But if your work is not near done—
Looks as though 'twas just begun—
And you go from place to place
Mending rents in your fine lace,
I shall know the sun's bright ray
Will follow me through all the day.
Tiny creature, do you know
Who it is that guides you so,
Teaching you just how and where
To plan and weave your house with care?
Showing you some place to go
When fierce storms sweep to and fro?
It is the Father over all
Who guards in love the great and small.

NEW YEAR CHIMES.

Ring aloud, ye New Year bells!
 Ring out your notes of cheer.
From yon tower your music swells
 In echoes soft and clear.
Hark to the chiming of your tones
Floating through the clime
 Oh, ring, ring the chorus,
Ye gladsome midnight chime.

Frost bound stream and mountain, hill and dell
 A sweet story tell—
How the blossoms in the valley low
 Covered now with snow
Will awaken in the spring
When the blue birds sing
 Sweet songs of love cheer
To the happy glad New Year.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT.

It is not the value of the gift we bestow,
But *the giving* as in days of old.
Then love went with the gift of myrrh
As well as the gift of gold.

STREW SWEET FLOWERS.

Go scatter bright flowers over his grave.
He has fought in some battle his country to save;
For his heart was strong and he loved the land
He tore from the grasp of a ruthless hand.
Go, strew sweetest blossoms over his grave,
And above let the banner he loved proudly wave.
Then speak kindest words as you bend o'er the sod
Where the brave soldier sleeps alone with his God.

RUTH'S RESOLVE.

I have two faces, (so they say.)
The one is for work, the other for play.
The one is wreathed in smiles so bright,
The other is dark like the cloudy night.

I know what I'll do: I will try to be
A cheerful, obedient child, you see,—
And then I am *sure* they will gladly say
“Our Ruth has only *one* face today.”

AM I READY?

“Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me.”

Will my door be opened wide
When with me He would abide?
Between the starlight and the dawning,
Between the daylight and the gloaming
He may come.

CUBA.

Brave sons of fair Cuba
(Bright isle of the sea)
You've been watching and praying
For liberty;
Now stretch forth your hands,
For deliverance has come
And the shadows must flee
From your hearts and your home.
Go forth with new courage;
Then take a firm stand
For the Lord, whom you trust,
Will save your fair land.
Then peace, like bright sunshine,
Will gleam over all,
The high and the low,
The great and the small.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

America, land of the free,
The dearest spot on earth to me,
Thy mountains, lakes and plants and tree
Gleam in the light of liberty.

Our flag, floating in the breeze
Of mountains, lakes or far off seas,
Speaks of freedom's joy to all the world,
At home, abroad, where'er unfurled.

Dear Lord, our hearts will raise to thee
A prayer of thanks for liberty;
For all the gifts of Thy dear hand,
Our flag, our homes, our native land.

FAREWELL TO MY SCHOOL HOME.

To the class of 1900, High School.

Farewell, my dear old school home.
I leave your walls in tears.
'Twas here in golden hours
I spent my happy years.
And when sailing o'er life's sea
My heart will turn to thee,
For in my gladsome school days
You were all the world to me.

The world comes forth to greet me.
Its paths seem bright and grand,
And when I leave your portals,
It will take me by the hand.
But when sailing o'er life's sea,
My heart will turn to thee,
For in my happy school days
You were all the world to me.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY POEM.

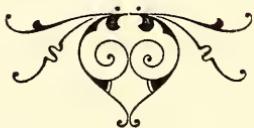
To the C. E. Society of the First Presbyterian Church,
York, Pa.

Ten bright years! Oh how each one
Shines out like a beam of the morning sun,
When mirrored in the lives of all who have ever
Lived in the work of this Christian Endeavor.
All through the days of the years that have
gone

We were sowing some seed as we walked along,
And deeds will tell in eternity
The work that was done by you and by me.
It may have been but a word of cheer
That caused a dark sky to grow bright and clear.
Again, it was just an act of the hand,
But it sent a sweet prayer to the better land.
Oh, if we knew of the treasures that lie
Along our own path, how gladly we'd try
To work in the future, with power and might
To find them, to save them and bring them
to light.

No matter how rugged or broken,
No matter where they were found,
In the secret place of some palace
Or out on the cold barren ground,

If the Lord's own hand had directed the way
That led us to bring them from darkness to
day,
Then no matter how weary our work may have
been
If these treasures be found in our keeping for
Him.



AMERICA—CUBA.

Written at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War.

Tune—“Marching Through Georgia.”

Hear the cry of children
From an island of the sea,
Asking God to bless the cause
Of right and liberty;
Calling for protection
From each cruel Spanish foe,
As they go marching through Cuba.

Hurrah! hurrah! our sons of liberty
Will now defend your island of the sea,
And soon beneath our stars and stripes
The dawn of peace you'll see—
When we go marching through Cuba.

Now hoist our flag, unfurl each stripe,
That all on land and sea
May know your bright and sunny isle
Will soon be with the free.
Then all our loved America,
Will join your song of glee—
When her sons go marching through Cuba.

HOLLY.

O! beautiful, beautiful holly
 You've a mission of love, I ween.
Don't hide your crimson berries
 Beneath a curtain of green;
Uncover their heads right quickly
 And then in your own bright way
Go cheer some lonely, weary heart
 On the gladsome Christmas day.

The ivy, too, has a mission,
 And it may be we love it the best,
For it covers the mounds in the churchyard
 Where our dear ones have found a rest.
But you are always so cheery
 Though burdened by frost and snow,
And we glean from your life a sweet lesson
 To take pleasure wherever we go.

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